



Vol. II.

FEBRUARY, 1912.

No. 10.

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
MISCELLANEA, . . . . .	333	THE WELSH HOME OF THE	
DORA'S STEPMOTHER. By M.		PASSIONISTS . . . . .	356
Mortimer . . . . .	335	ON THE FEAST OF THE PURIFICA-	
THE WORD OF THE CROSS. By		TION. By Rev. E. Hill, C.P. .	358
Rev. S. Curran, C.P. . . . .	341	AFTER MANY YEARS. By Mag-	
LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE		dalen Rock . . . . .	359
PASSIONISTS IN GREAT BRITAIN		SONS OF MARTYRS. By Rosa	
AND IRELAND . . . . .	347	Vagnozzi . . . . .	362
HOW EARL SIGURD CHOSE HIM		BOOK REVIEWS . . . . .	365
HIS GODS FOR THE HOSTING .	352	PROVINCIAL JOTTINGS . . .	366
THE SOFT PLACE . . . . .	354		

*Annual Subscription to THE CROSS, Three Shillings, post free.  
Business Letters to be addressed to the Manager, Mt. Argus, Dublin;  
Literary communications to the Editor, at the same address.  
Unsuitable MSS. will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped,  
addressed envelope.*

## Miscellanea.

WE make no apology for reverting to the subject of immoral literature on which we commented in our last issue, particularly as we have come across some notes in the January number of a prominent and influential French review which will be of interest to our readers and perhaps give them a stimulus in the fight against this evil. The first item which we shall reproduce goes to show how far the fame of the movement lately inaugurated in Ireland has travelled and how keen the interest taken in it in a country which is itself engaged in a hard battle for the purity and integrity of its Catholic heritage. "After

their campaign against intemperance, and the establishment to this end of leagues, temperance cafés, and all sorts of societies, which achieved undeniably good results, the Catholics of Ireland are waging war, with a like strenuousness, against the immoral press. The Limerick Vigilance Committee secured the return, packet for packet, and without their having even been opened, of all the publications considered dangerous which had been forwarded to that city. Other cities have followed this noble example. Meetings have been held and a movement has been set on foot throughout the length and breadth of the land to purge Ireland of this moral poison. Priests and laymen act together on the Vigilance Committees: a list of the proscribed publications has been drawn up which is being circulated by agents entrusted with the charge of preaching and propagating the crusade. News-vendors who join in the movement display a badge guaranteeing that they sell none of the objectionable publications, and the people are induced to deal with these to the exclusion of the purveyors of indecencies."

\* \* \* \* \*

This enthusiastic little description of the campaign certainly does not minimise the efforts that are being made nor the success that has so far attended them. It compares, unfortunately, only too favourably with the thinly veiled hostility to the movement shown in the reports appearing in some Irish journals which are under Catholic direction, and from which, therefore, one might have expected more. It should at least have the effect on those who read it of making them endeavour to rise to the full height of the reputation thus given them in the Catholic press of a nation which has good reason to know the need of a virile and militant Catholicism.

\* \* \* \* \*

The writer in another note tells us something of what is being done in this important matter abroad. Under the heading "Press Sunday" he has the following: "In Hungary every bishop appoints in his diocese a Sunday on which, in all the churches, the subject of the sermon must be the press. After this sermon copies of Catholic journals are distributed gratuitously to the faithful, and a collection is taken up, the proceeds of which are transmitted by the Bishop of Budapest to a sort of syndicate organised for the defence of the Catholic press, which from its funds subsidises those publications that are in need of such assistance."

\* \* \* \* \*

And the efforts in the same direction made in France may be seen from the next item on this subject appearing in the same periodical: "At the meeting of the committee of the diocesan Catholic Union of Auch on the 12th of December, on the proposal of His Grace the Archbishop, the following resolutions,

of which the members of the committee will become ardent propagators, were adopted:—

1. Never to buy *under any pretext* an objectionable newspaper.
2. To influence friends, acquaintances, and dependents never to buy such.
3. To contribute to the interest of Catholic journals by sending, when possible, some article or other item of interest."

\* \* \* \* \*

These brief notes serve to show that the campaign against vile publications is not by any means confined to Ireland, that it is not, as some ignorant and insignificant scribblers would have it, a result of the supposed priest-ridden state of this country, or an assault on individual liberty which would not be tolerated in more "enlightened" nations. Indeed a similar movement, in which both clergy and laics of many different denominations heartily co-operate, has long been in existence in England, and is doing excellent work. As a plain matter of fact Ireland is almost the last in the field: one can but hope that her long delay in waking up to the existence and the extent of this evil will be counter-balanced by the warm and sustained enthusiasm which she will bring to the work of stamping it out. As yet "we have scotched the snake, not killed it."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Protestant Bishop of Ossory has lately published in pamphlet form his charge on the Church of Ireland and Home Rule. In a preface he quotes some carefully selected passages from comments made in these pages on his reference to ourselves in that utterance, and leaves it to be inferred that we almost deliberately set ourselves to strengthen his absurd position. None so blind as those who won't see—or who have a political axe to grind. The matter is not worth further comment.

---

## Dora's Stepmother.

BY MINNIE MORTIMER.

I.

"I AM sure I shan't like her a bit, and I'm certain I shall never get used to her," said Dora to the new housekeeper.

"Why not, miss?"

"Because she is sure to be old-fashioned, interfering, and a prig—and I hate such people."

The housekeeper coughed, while a swift glance told her that, besides looking after Mr. Wainwright's household duties, she would have to give an eye to his decidedly difficult little daughter.

Dora was not a child in years, but her wilfulness was altogether juvenile, and spoilt not only a pretty face, but her entire character. She had a quantity of fair hair which, bound in a pretty coil—or some other becoming fashion—would have suited her. But her hand was so untrained to nattiness that it looked like a bush, surrounding a small, oval countenance. Her brow was usually puckered, her mouth drooped at the corners, betraying ill-temper, and her eyes—large and as blue as the heavens—often flashed with anger and resentment.

Mrs. Willis read these truths in those blue deeps, for she was something of a character-reader and grasped the disposition of all with whom she came in contact almost as soon as she had met them.

"There is plenty of room for improvement *here*," she thought, "and when the dust and cobwebs are swept away I can see a very charming and attractive little woman."

"Have you ever met your stepmother?" she asked Dora.

"No—and she *isn't* my stepmother yet, for father has not married her. Still, he is engaged, and intends the wedding to take place abroad. I believe she is English, although he met her at Nice."

"Is he coming home soon?"

"Yes, in about six weeks."

"You must be looking forward to meeting him again."

"I am simply longing to see him—but I don't want *her*, and, of course, he won't come back alone. I am awfully glad you have come, Mrs. Willis. When I wrote to father and told him what a bad housekeeper I was he soon put an end to my trouble. I believe," she added naively, "I am going to like you. Indeed, we shall be great friends."

"I am glad to hear it, miss."

"Please call me Dora. I like it—and, you see you are not *exactly* a servant, so you must do as I say."

"Very well," laughed Mrs. Willis.

She had grasped the girl's simple, rugged nature, which breathed of kindness, hidden away under an unpromising exterior.

"Let us have tea," said Dora. "You need not take up any duties to-day. I am sure you must be tired, so you will be glad of a rest. I will ask Mary to bring some refreshment."

"I want to talk to you seriously, Mrs. Willis," she said, after they had finished tea. "Something tells me you understand me."

"Really?"

"You *do* understand me?"

"Yes, you are right."

"Then, tell me the real truth. Don't 'beat about the bush,' as father often says; speak right out:—what do you think of me?"

"My dear young lady, it seems quite out of place in me to express my opinion at all. Remember, I am only your father's housekeeper."

"But you are my friend."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Perfectly certain."

"Then, if you want me to be your friend you must do exactly as I tell you. I shan't say it all at once—only a word at a time, from day to day, and when I think it best to speak."

"Is that *all*?" asked Dora, pouting and disappointed.

"What do you want then? A good scolding?"

"No, you must not do that. I hate being found fault with; I like to have all my own way in everything."

"So I see," said Mrs. Willis quietly.

"How?"

She laughed.

"Do tell me," pleaded Dora, "you make me feel curious. How did *you* know I was self-willed?"

Mrs. Willis stroked the girl's soft hair.



"Talk about a guy, old Fawkes isn't in it."

"Most young ladies are, I believe," she replied, by way of an excuse.

For the moment she deemed it wiser not to say any more on the subject, but in her mind she prepared the gentle admonitions she intended to give Dora for her benefit and improvement.

"And then," she soliloquised to herself that evening, after having carefully thought the matter over, "my Lady Wildflower will blossom forth into a rare garden rose, worthy to grace her father's house. At present—were he to return home—he would find her rather difficult to deal with. Heigho! There's lots of work for *me* to do."

She smiled as she began to disrobe herself for the night, and again when she folded the bedclothes around her. What was actually passing in her mind we will arrive at presently.

## II.

"Talk about a guy, old Fawkes isn't in it," exclaimed Dora, as she surveyed her slim figure in her long mirror one day. "Whatever could have possessed Mrs. Willis to have chosen such an ill-fitting gown?"

"Who says it is ill-fitting?" asked a voice.

Turning round, Dora perceived the identical Mrs. Willis herself.

"You darling old nuisance!" she cried, clasping the woman's waist with both arms. "If I did not simply *dote* on you—you sweetest of all things—I would absolutely refuse to wear such a hideous garment!"

"That is only *your* opinion of it, Dora. Presently, when your friends have seen it and told you how perfectly charming you look, you will feel inclined——"

"To fall upon your neck and weep for joy! So be it—only," holding up a warning finger, "if I hear anyone pass any rude or unkind remark you will have to bear the penalty of my wrath!"

"Little imp!" said Mrs. Willis, shaking her head. "I am not afraid of you, Dora, so you may scold away as much as you please. I am quite used to you by this time."

As she delivered these last words, there flitted through her mind certain reminiscences of the girl's outbreaks of passion whenever she had spoken even the smallest words of advice, intended for her benefit. It had certainly proved a very up-hill task, but at last things were promising to mend, and the small "dust-heap," partly relieved of its rubbish, was now showing unmistakable signs of splendid solidity beneath. Dora was a good girl at heart, but she had certain faults which not only made her a misery to herself, but to everybody else. Her self-will was most annoying, her temper enough to try the patience of an angel, and her utter stupidity in grasping plain common-sense was absolutely exasperating. But Mrs. Willis had been carefully plucking these weeds of imperfection from about the stubborn plant, and, where it was weakest, had bound it to herself by a strong tie of affection which, she knew, could not fail to soften, ripen it, and, in the end, bring forth good fruit.

Dora came home that evening proud and happy. She had called on some friends, who, one and all, had admired her pretty dress.

"There! What did I tell you!" exclaimed Mrs. Willis, when the girl had poured into her ear a list of the flattering remarks she had heard.

"My head will be simply turned with vanity," said Dora. "And, what do you think? Oh, I hardly know how to tell you! Hilda's (my best friend, you know) brother was there, and he spoke to me a great deal, and when he had gone she told me that he *liked* me.. There now!"

"Flirting already!" ejaculated Mrs. Willis, with mock severity. "I am surprised at you, Dora! What next? But go and take your things off, child, for I have something to tell you."

"No, say it now. I am dying to hear it."

"Then I shall not satisfy your curiosity, miss. Do as I bid you."

The young girl at once went upstairs, but she soon returned, radiant with excitement.

"Now tell us the news—and I am sure it is good news—I can see it in your face. Begin!"

"Your father is coming home to-morrow."

"How perfectly *lovely*! But—but——"

Dora's face clouded.

"Well, what is the matter now?"

"I suppose *stepmother* is coming, too. Bother!"

"This time you are mistaken. Your father will be alone."

"Hurrah!"

"For my part, I am quite sorry not to have seen her before I went away."

Dora's rosy cheek suddenly became pale. Then, with a loud cry, she threw herself into Mrs. Willis' arms and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, no, no! You must not go! *Please don't!*"

"Hush, dear! Your father arranged that I should only stay with you during his absence. When I am gone, *you* will be his little housekeeper, and I am sure you will fill the part to perfection. I cannot tell you, Dora, how delighted I am with the change I have seen in you lately."

"I have *you* to thank for that," she said, humbly. "But when you are gone I will be as wilful and wayward as before, especially when stepmother arrives. I feel I hate her already. She is sure to be ugly and horrid, and I know she will make my life a misery, so I'll just give her 'tit for tat,' so there! No, *I shan't* be quiet! I mean to be ever so wicked. I'll wear all my old-fashioned dresses again, and I'll be just as hateful and grumpy as—as—*stepmother*!"

But her ill-humour had grieved Mrs. Willis to the heart.

"Let us say no more about it for the present," she said, quietly. "To-night, when you are more calm, I want you to come to my room; we will then finish our quarrel."

"But I am not angry with *you*," said Dora, sobbing afresh.

"No, dear, I know that. Now, don't upset yourself any more. Put the whole thing out of your little head until to-night."

### III.

"Come in," said Mrs. Willis, in answer to a gentle tap at the door.

Dora entered, crestfallen and wretched.

"In bed?" she asked.

"Yes, I could not wait up any longer, dear; I have a sick headache."

"And I gave it to you; yes, I know I did. What a beast I am!"

"My dear child, why do you take everything to heart so much?"

"But I don't!"

"You do, Dora, and it is your own sensitiveness which makes you unhappy. For instance, you have a dread of meeting your stepmother."

"Of course I have. So would you if you were plagued with one," said the girl, her temper bridleing again.

"Hush, my dear! Things are not so bad as they seem. Listen; your stepmother has already heard of your dislike of her."

"Oh, don't!" cried Dora, covering her face with her hands. "How awful! What must she think of me?"

"She simply thinks it springs from the natural affection which you bore your own dead mother."

Dora bent her head. The memory of her dearest and best friend on earth filled her with sadness and regret.

"Learning from your father his daughter's antipathy towards her," continued Mrs. Willis, "your stepmother decided to break her engagement with him. She told him that she did not wish to make his little Dora unhappy—even by her mere presence. Your father listened to what she had to say, and then asked that someone might be sent to you to prepare you for her arrival. Your stepmother accepted his wish, and so I came here to house-keep and take care of you, and to point out to you that your supposed enemy is really a friend—a true friend, one who loves you dearly. However, as you refuse to believe in me, Dora, I must say good-bye to you and leave you alone with your father."

"Alone?" echoed the girl. "What do you mean? Oh, no! it cannot be! Surely *you* are not—yes! yes! I see it all! . . . Forgive! Forgive me!"

She fell on her knees at the bedside and sobbed as though her heart would break. But the tears she shed were tears of gratitude and repentance.

Stepmother—so to be in a few days—lifted the tangled head and kissed it fervently.

"I am so glad you have learnt to love me, Dora," she said; "so proud, so happy. Your father knows all about this, and that is why he is coming home. Of course, I must leave you for a little while—to make a few necessary preparations. We are to be married next week. Are you glad?"

"Oh so glad, dearest! But I cannot wait until then to call you stepmother—indeed, I will *never* call you by that name."

"What is to be my future title then?" asked the listener, with a smile. "Not Mrs. Willis, I hope? That was only assumed—for the sake of convenience. My real name is Laura Donisthorpe."

"How pretty!"

"If you like you may call me Laura."

But Dora shook her head.

"I mean to call you just—*mother*," she said simply.

MINNIE MORTIMER.

## The Word of the Cross.

**D**URING the season now approaching, that is, from Septuagesima Sunday (Feb. 4th) to the end of Lent, the Church in an especial manner directs our serious attention to the great central fact of Christianity—the Sacred Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. By a succession of weekly feasts commemorative of the bitterest and most painful sufferings endured for us by our Saviour, we are led in His blood-stained footprints along the dolorous way from Gethsemani to Calvary, so that fixing our thoughts with deeper intent on the infinite charity of Christ for us, so strikingly manifested in His Passion, we may be urged to do something more than usual, in grateful recognition and appreciation of His boundless Love. At this time especially He claims through His Passion a place in the heart of every one of us, for each of us can say with the Apostle: “He loved me and delivered Himself for me.”

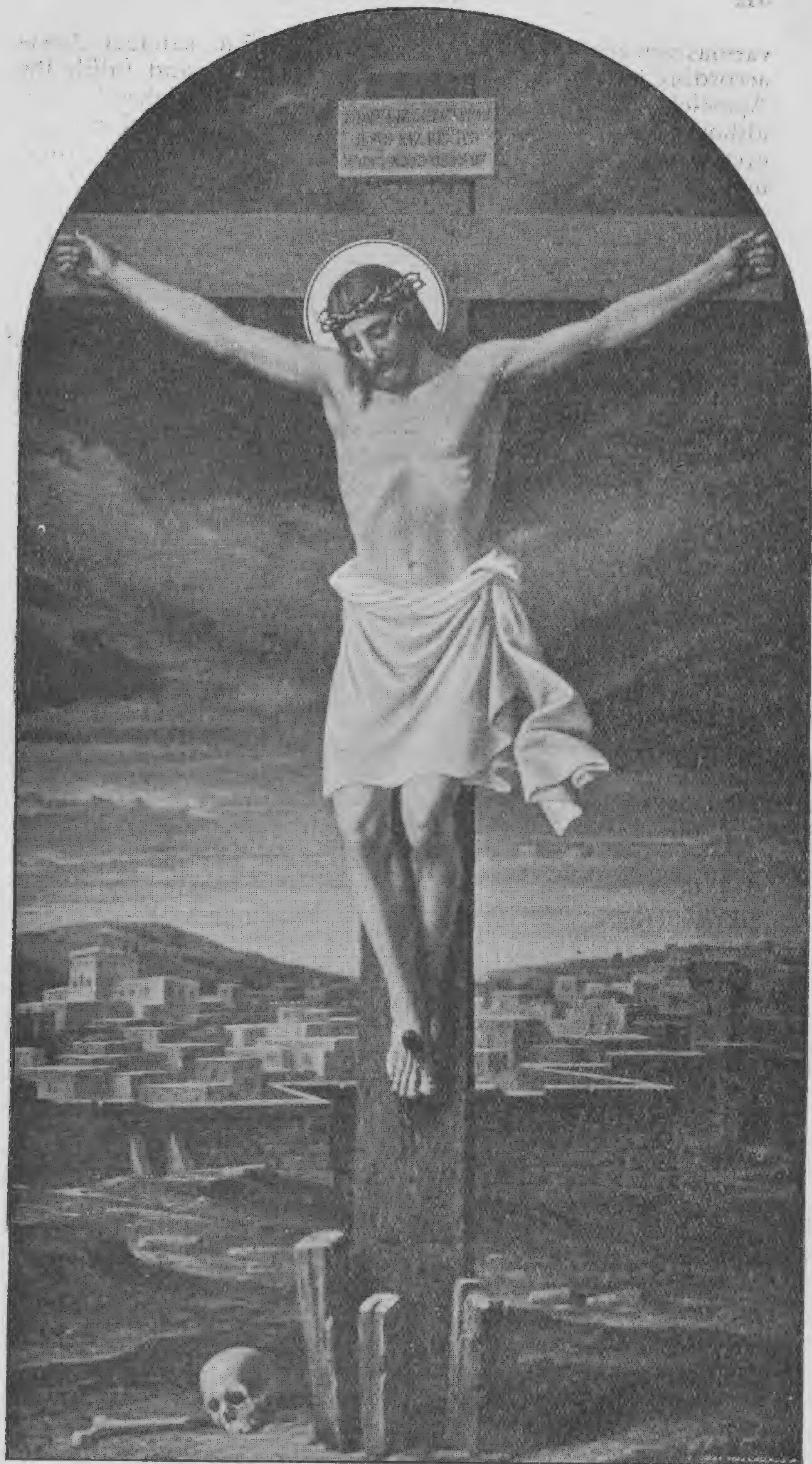
Thou art as much His care as if beside  
No man nor angel lived.

It is written: “Forget not the kindness of thy surety, for He hath given His life for thee,” and also, “the sinner and the unclean fleeth from his surety, and he that is of an unthankful mind will leave Him that hath delivered him.” Far be such a reproach from any member of the Church of Christ as to pass through Lent heedless and thoughtless of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, our surety, or that his heart is waxen so gross that the recollection of them has no power to affect him for good, or restrain him from evil. Such a one—if such there be—would have very little claim to fellowship with Christ, or to the Christian privilege. For true Christianity, the religion of the Catholic Church, is not a mere system or school of philosophy, nor a cold, austere code of laws and moral restraints, nor a systematic round of formal observances, but primarily and radically, the recognition, love, worship and service of a living Person, God’s only Son made man, Jesus Christ, Who for us was crucified. He dominates and fills the Church “which He hath purchased with His blood,” brought forth from His open side, and sanctified as His new and visible Body in which He has chosen to abide through all time. His Cross is set above the Church, and Her mission on earth is to be the official witness and mouthpiece of its principles, and the hallowed organ through which the wisdom, grace and salvation which He wrought by His sufferings and death should be offered and conveyed to men. “We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.” As the soul is the principle of life in man, and though itself unseen, acts all through the body, fulfilling different functions of life in and through the various senses and members, so the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ is the soul of His body, the Church, through whose

various ministries we, the members, receive of its salutary effects according to our needs. The Church continues and fulfils the Apostles' mission of "preaching Christ crucified," and although that Gospel is a hard saying to many, and still, as ever, a scandal and foolishness to the sensual and worldly-minded, to all who have with good will hearkened to it, it has proved the wisdom and the power of God.

The truths of Faith which she proposes, and the moral precepts on which she insists, all come from the revelation given in the face of Christ Jesus crucified. Every time a sinner is reconciled with God in the sacrament of Penance, the words of absolution look back to and draw their efficacy from Him Who died to expiate our sins, "Who His own self bore our sins in His body on the tree." The commemoration of His death, which Our Lord Himself, on the night before He suffered, solemnly enjoined on His apostles, is the first and chief service of Catholic worship, and the Church invites us day by day to assist at the holy sacrifice of the Altar in which "the death of the Lord is shown forth," and its saving efficacy applied to our manifold exigencies and deficiencies. Thus the Sacred Passion is not a thing of the past, but an ever-abiding and permanent fact, for "that is always new," says St. Leo the Great, "which is always renewing its effects in men's souls, and that is never old which produces such abundant fruits." In another and very real sense, too, the Passion of Christ is re-enacted, for although His enemies cannot again handle Him roughly and scourge Him, and nail Him to the Cross, they never cease to attack Him through His body, the Church. Fierce enemies without pursue Her with unrelenting hate, in the hope of ending the reign of Christ on earth, and disloyal members within betray and deny and despise Him even as they did in the days of His flesh. "His visage shall be inglorious among men," Isaias foretold, "and His form among the sons of men, for there is no beauty in Him nor comeliness that we should desire Him." These are the great abiding facts which are brought so prominently before us at this season to excite our sympathy for Him Who has borne our sins, and our gratitude for the rich and exuberant blessings we daily receive—perhaps with little recognition and thankfulness—but which have been so dearly purchased for us by the awful sufferings of our surety—Jesus Christ. The question for each one to answer is: What am I going to do?

Again, there is in the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ the highest and most complete revelation that shall be given to men in this life. "In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge." What is God? What is man? What is his final destiny and how is it to be realized? These are questions of vital and absorbing interest to men at all times, and are discussed in our own day with as keen activity and as conspicuous failure as ever. The problems of life furnish a happy hunting-ground for every aspirant to notoriety in literature, art, science, or philosophy.



“GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.”

Each has his own solution, and we have new schools of thought "created" at regular intervals. Thus, from time immemorial, school has followed school and system superseded system, yet human reason and speculation have failed to give anything but hopelessly inadequate and unsatisfactory solutions. As Tennyson sings of them:

Our little systems have their day:  
 They have their day and cease to be:  
 They are but broken lights of Thee,  
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

What discordant voices are clashing and shrieking in the world to-day! "Man is a demi-god," cries one. "Has he not tamed the lightning, put it in harness and yoked it to his chariot? Yea, he is conquering the realms of air, and may he not soon sit on the throne of the Highest?" "Nay, he is but a brute for all that," cries another, "a little more highly developed in some respects, yet only a brute." "Let us dig in the lowest strata to find him provender that he will enjoy, open out the sewers of humanity for him to wallow in. It will pay us, and we shall call it Art."

Then we have the dreams of the Scientist and the Socialist and the sounding watchword Evolution. These be thy gods, O Israel, which promise a new redemption if falling down we adore them.

All diseases quench'd by Science, no man, halt or deaf or blind;  
 Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind.

This is to be the reign of Science, and Socialism dreams of a heavenly earth and a warless world:

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,  
 Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles.

But the golden era is long a-dawning, there is many a rift even in the lute of Evolution:

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,  
 And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

But He who made us has not left us in the dust, to be blown about by every wind of human speculation. He has sent His only Son on earth as a Man to speak to men face to face, to disclose to them their Father in Heaven and His purposes touching them. "And Jesus began to do and to teach." When He had finished His mission He ascended the Cross willingly to die for men, and as from a pulpit overlooking the world He crowded all His teaching into one magnificent peroration, and all His virtues into an intensely tragic setting, sealed all with His Blood, and gave His life as testimony to their everlasting truth. From His Cross He appeals to all men: "I am the

Way, and the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh to the Father, but by Me." Here, then, there is given to men once and for all the answer to all those questions that have puzzled the wisest,—given too in a medium accessible to all, so simple that a child looking on the crucifix can easily grasp it, yet so vast and sublime that the greatest minds lose themselves in contemplating it. In the Sacred Passion all God's disclosures to men meet and are unified. It is the highest and most complete expression of Truth vouchsafed to men in this life. In the face of the Crucified we realize with a power and conviction that cannot be expressed the immeasurable love of God for all men: "For God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son." Through this revelation the heart of Christendom has gone out in deepest gratitude and love to Jesus Christ; it has inspired the most amazing deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice amongst Christians. Next, the wondrous mercy of God appears in this, that He has spared the guilty, and, through His dear Son's sacrifice, is ever prepared to open His arms and receive the trembling sinner to His grace and friendship. Again His Infinite Justice is strikingly shown forth in sparing not His Only Son, but delivering Him up to such intense and awful sufferings in expiation of the sins of men.

Then we ask with the prophet, "What is man that thou art mindful of Him?" Our Crucified Master gives the answer. Man is such a noble creature and of such worth before His Maker, that the Son of God has willingly undergone the bitterest and most painful sufferings to redeem and save him. He had fallen by sin from his original greatness and had sunk so low that the Most High Himself had to stoop to abysmal depths of pain and humiliation to recover him and raise him up. Assuredly it is from no mere passing or temporal evil we have been delivered by the profound and awful sufferings endured by Jesus Christ. Moreover, to Christ crucified we must appeal to estimate mundane things at their true value, and rightly to interpret their meaning. What are we to think about, or what value is to be set upon, all man's ambition and striving for place and power, the jealousies and rivalries and intrigues of men and nations for pre-eminence, the thirst for gold, the lust for pleasure, the abhorrence of suffering, the oppression of the poor—selfishness in every form? Set them down before the Image of the Crucified. One look on that pale, suffering face confirms the experience of the wisest: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Finally, all through His Passion, our suffering Saviour reveals the highest ideals of human life, and the noblest purposes man can pursue. He is the great Pattern for all men. Of all that is high, praiseworthy and best in the nature of man He is the splendid model. Patience under the severest trials, endurance of the most painful experiences, self-restraint under the most provoking insults, absolute fearlessness of the worst that could be done against Him, encountering fierce hate with divinest love, and the malice of enemies with prayer for their

forgiveness, above all, sublime unselfishness in joyfully giving even His life for men—these are some of the splendid features of the last hours of our Master's life, which in spite of the disgrace and agony and humiliation in which He died, have crowned Him with unfading glory and honour, have won for Him the admiration of all, the love even unto death of millions, and have set Him in His rightful place, as the Leader and Teacher and Pattern of all men. We have thus in the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ all that we need to make the most and the best of life. "In the Cross of Christ," says the Angelic Doctor, "is the whole art of living well." As the Almighty went before His chosen people of old in their long journey across the sea and the desert to the Land of Promise, and bountifully furnished them with all they required, so our Crucified Master abiding in His Church is ever with His faithful in their journey through life. Of old He went before His people in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night that they might not lose their way in the trackless desert: He fed them with bread from heaven, and from the dry rock sent forth springs of water that they might not perish; He set up a brazen figure on which they should steadfastly gaze to be protected from the venomous serpents that attacked them. But we have a richer and fuller dispensation of His goodness. Jesus Christ, Truth Itself is our Lawgiver, our Teacher, and our Guide across the wilderness of life. His Cross is our pillar of cloud by day and our pillar of fire by night, leading us steadily in paths we could not know, keeping us from following "clouds tossed by the whirlwinds to whom the mist of darkness is reserved," as well as from the "wandering stars to whom the storm of darkness is reserved for ever." His Body which was broken is our heavenly food, and He is the Rock which was cloven on the Cross from Whose side gush forth the fountains of living water springing up into life everlasting. On His Cross, too, we must steadfastly gaze both to be preserved from and cured of the bites of the old serpent.

How wonderful then is the great mystery of our Blessed Saviour's Passion! How much gratitude do we not owe Him for all He has done and suffered, and for the rich and manifold gifts that flow to us from it, to answer our every want, and supply our every need?

Devotion to the Sacred Passion has ever been considered the chief feature of true Christian life, and nothing is more acceptable to our Crucified Master and beneficial to ourselves than the grateful recollection of His sufferings. Even the busiest of people could afford a few minutes every day before the Crucifix, and especially during the holy season that is approaching, and if such an easy practice were persevered in it would be attended by the happiest effects. There one can come and lay down his cares and burdens sure of finding rest, there he obtains strength manfully to fight the battle of life, patience under trial, light in difficulties, courage to despise the censure of the world, loyalty to conscience and to God, fidelity to

duty, and the spirit of self-sacrifice without which no lasting good can be done either for oneself or for others. There alone one learns the highest wisdom: how to live and—how to die.

STANISLAUS CURRAN, C.P.

## Leaves from the Annals of the Passionists in Great Britain and Ireland.

### X.

**First Provincial Chapter.** There were now (1851) five houses of the Passionists in England—at Aston, Broadway, Sutton, Cotton Hall, and The Hyde (London)—and it was considered high time to give them a canonical status: in other words, to erect them into a distinct and independent province of the Order with canonically elected superiors. Until “Home Rule” of this sort is given it, a Religious Order like ours has no separate canonical existence in the countries it colonises. So in the General Chapter held in SS. John and Paul’s, Rome, in April, 1851, a decree was made erecting the five English houses together with the one house founded by Ven. Father Dominic in Belgium into a province to be entitled the Anglo-Belgian Province of St. Joseph. Father Eugene Martorelli, the Visitor-General in England, was empowered to convoke the Superiors and the Vice-Superiors of the new Province to the first Provincial Chapter, permission having been obtained from the Holy See for these Fathers to elect canonical Superiors and to make the decrees considered necessary for the well-being of the Province. The Chapter met on the 26th of August in St. Wilfrid’s Retreat, Cotton Hall, and next day (by a strange coincidence the second anniversary of the death of Ven. Father Dominic, the founder of the Province) all the new Superiors were elected, the office of Provincial falling on the shoulders of Father Eugene Martorelli—an able man who, in his short time in England, had done much, as he was to do much more in the course of his long life, to strengthen and develop the Order in these countries.

In the letter convoking this Chapter and in the acts of the Chapter itself, there are one or two interesting echoes of the storm that was then raging in England as a consequence of the re-establishment of the Hierarchy. Father Eugene cannot help referring to “the affliction of every faithful minister of the Lord at seeing a new tempest raised in this kingdom against

the chaste spouse of Jesus Christ, our Mother the Catholic Church. Indeed great is the sadness and great the sorrow we feel in our heart at the sight of so great an evil." And one of the decrees passed in the Chapter abolished the custom hitherto observed of wearing the religious habit in public: a change necessitated by the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and the highly excited state of Protestant emotion in which England found herself at the time. Provision was, therefore, made for boots and broadcloth instead of the rough habit and sandals: but the clerical dress ordered to be worn was scarcely less remarkable than the garments it displaced and newfangled as it was had a look of venerable antiquity.

Another more important matter had to be legislated for in this Chapter. By their rule Passionists are not supposed to take charge of parishes unless in exceptional circumstances. These circumstances existed in England, and it was a nice question how to reconcile pastoral work with the work of the missions and with the daily pressing duties of the religious life. The difficulty, however, was surmounted, and the regulations made on this and other matters for the guidance of our ministry were so excellent as to be adopted afterwards when our Fathers undertook kindred labours in the United States of America and other English-speaking countries.

#### **A Village**

#### **Apostle.**

The story of the evangelisation of one parish of which we had then recently taken charge may not be without interest. In the very large parochial district of Broadway, in Worcestershire, there were said to be forty Catholics, but although three months had passed since our arrival there only fourteen had attended Mass or given any evidence of their existence. On the 30th of January of this year, however, Father Bernard O'Loughlin, a young and zealous priest, was sent to Broadway and appointed Vice-Rector and parish priest. He had come from our house at Woodchester, where for three or four years he had been employed in the instruction of children and of converts in the Christian Doctrine and had displayed quite unusual ability and tact in dealing with his charges. When he came to Broadway his first anxiety was to find out the scattered Catholics and to sound the dispositions of those outside the fold. Resolving to make a house to house visitation for this purpose, he fared forth into the village in habit and sandals—the first Passionist that had so appeared in those parts. He had not gone far on his way when he found himself surrounded by a crowd of children attracted and perhaps amused by this strange black-habited, bare-footed figure. Father Bernard, who seems to have preserved his childhood till very late in life, saw at once his opportunity. He spoke to the children in his kindly, jovial way, and then made them form into ranks and march before him in processional order through the village streets. The children entered into his humour with zest and

were joined by many of their companions on their march. In due course the army arrived at the monastery where, after being treated by their "general" to an address well flavoured with stories, they were dismissed to their homes in high good humour.

Thereafter Father Bernard frequently appeared in the village in his Passionist habit, and on every occasion was escorted by a strong convoy of children, with the result that he soon achieved a huge popularity, not only with the little ones, but with their parents and the villagers generally.

His next move was to build a school for his young friends, which he undertook to do without any expense to the Retreat. He at first tried begging for funds in the neighbourhood, but failing in this he obtained a loan of £300 from a Catholic



FR. EUGENE MARTORELLI.

gentleman named Hanford, a former student of the Benedictines at the "German College," Broadway, which had now become our Retreat. The £300 was to be paid back in yearly instalments of £100, but on receiving the first instalment Mr. Hanford returned it and made a gift of the whole sum, on condition that the school should be carried on in perpetuity. Once in possession of the necessary funds, Father Bernard himself drew up the plans of his school-house, and on May 16th, four months after his arrival at Broadway, gathered all the labouring men he could find in the village, and, before the sun set, had the ground cleared and prepared for the foundations. A few days afterwards (May 22nd) the foundation stone was laid with great ceremony, and on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin in the following September the building was solemnly opened and blessed in presence of a great concourse of people

who had come from all the surrounding country. Among the crowds present on that day two persons of especial eminence stand out. Of one, a Worcestershire newspaper, reporting the ceremony, said, with the bitterness characteristic of that time—"The Honourable Charles Reginald Pakenham, who has lately become a lay brother among the Passionists, degraded himself by carrying the cross" (at the head of the procession). Pakenham, then a recent convert, had indeed put off his guardsman's uniform for the rough habit of the Passionist, and was afterwards to become well-known as Father Paul Mary. He was the first Rector of St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, and died there six years later in the odour of sanctity. Another recent convert, who was at that time making his retreat for ordination in our Broadway house, stood quietly by, taking part in the ceremony and joining in the prayers, but refusing to say "a few words" on the ground that he was not a priest. He was afterwards to become known to all the world as Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster.

A Mr. Maguire, of Howth, and his wife were installed as teachers in the schools. One of their sons, who became a Passionist, Father Osmund Maguire, succeeded Father Paul Mary Pakenham as Rector of Mount Argus and built the present magnificent Retreat there.

Having thus consulted for the interests of the children, Father Bernard turned his attention to their elders. He was determined to increase, if he could, his small flock of forty souls. So, on the Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings he used the schoolrooms to give instructions on the truths of holy Faith to all who cared to come. And as the instructions were made not only instructive but amusing, a great many cared to come, and, nearly every evening, a packed house listened with attention and interest. The popularity of these instructions did not abate with time, for one never knew what form they would take. Sometimes a homely lecture awaited the audience, sometimes a sort of apologue: at other times those present were invited to ask questions or to state their difficulties with regard to the Faith, and the clear and telling replies given were made more luminous by frequent flashes of humour. One of Father Bernard's favourite devices to keep up interest was a controversial dialogue, his interlocutor being Brother John Walsh, a clever Irish lay brother, who would assume the role of Protestant parson for the time being and propose the usual Protestant objections against the Church and patronize the common Protestant travesties of Catholic teaching. Father Bernard, with the Bible and other books of reference on a table before him, would answer the objections and give the Catholic point of view, occasionally also, to the great amusement of the people, giving hard knocks, for which of course the supposed parson was well prepared. Once, it is said, curiosity to see what was going on got the better of the real Protestant parson of the village, who was courteously invited to take Brother John's place, but as courteously declined.

This good priest did not depend on work alone for the success of his ministry in Broadway. He fully recognised the necessity of prayer, and, therefore, with the approval of Dr. Ullathorne, the Bishop of Birmingham, he established in the parish (1853) a branch of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the conversion of sinners. Great, and indeed beyond hope, were the effects that followed, both in the wonderful increase of fervour among the Catholics of the place and in the number of unlooked-for conversions. In less than a year Father Bernard could note down (August 26th, 1854)—“Thanks and praise to God and to His ever Blessed Mother, many of the things we prayed for were obtained. I now regret my negligence in not marking them down as they occurred, but our book (the ‘Status animarum’) is a sufficient record, as they



FR. BERNARD O'LOUGHLIN.

are all the fruits not of preaching, &c., but of prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary. . . . Many were prayed for who had not, humanly speaking, the courage to follow up their convictions with regard to the Catholic faith. Our prayers were heard and they fearlessly laid aside all human respect and many of them bravely faced poverty and reproach for the sake of Religion.”

As a matter of fact, five years after Father Bernard's coming to Broadway the forty (chiefly) nominal Catholics had increased to a fervent congregation of two hundred, and there were sixty children on the school rolls.

Having so far succeeded in Broadway Father Bernard turned his attention to the neighbouring villages—with what fortune we shall see in the sequel.

*(To be continued.)*

## How Earl Sigurd Chose Him His Gods for the Hosting.

[FOREWORD.—The following poem is founded upon certain events recorded in Viking Saga. Sigurd, Prince of Orkney, had become a Christian at the instigation of the monarch Olaf Tryggvesson; his mother, however, prevailed upon him to return to his ancestral gods, with whose assistance she had woven a raven-banner under which Sigurd went into battle. Subsequently, at Clontarf, all who bore the standard were slain as Edna had foretold: Sigurd then carried it himself, and perished by the two swords swung by Murrough, prince of the Dalcassians.]

Sigurd, the son of Hlodver, stood upon  
The doorstone of the stronghold, and he saw  
The wide sea whiten in the north-west wind  
Until the brine was heavy in his beard.  
Then left the threshold, and he went within  
The feasting-hall, where high upon the wall  
Hung shield, and wingéd helm, and bright sword  
Of Sigurd's hosting, and the floors were strewn  
With sea-grass, while the feasting board was spread  
With mead and many wild-fowl, and the seats  
With skin of seal, of otter, and of deer—  
Since on that night the host of Sigurd met  
At feast, and on the morrow in the dawn  
Set sail for that great hosting of Clontarf.

There Sigurd's mother sat her at her loom.  
Edna, the child of Cearbhall, and she wove  
A web upon her loom, and many months  
She wove it, nor might any know the web.  
But now she spoke to Sigurd, and she said:  
"Oh son, there was another of old time,  
Sigurd, the bane of Fafnir, who went safe  
Because of Grani, and because of Gram—  
His wizard horse and sword; so I have woven  
A wizard banner, so thou shalt go safe  
In battle, and the rune of it be this:  
He before whom this banner may be borne  
Shall live, but whosoe'er may bear it dies."

Now by the aid of Odin and the Norns  
Wrought as a raven, with all wondrous dyes,  
The banner was, but Sigurd put it by:  
"Oh mother, Olaf bade me come to Christ,  
To quit the aid of Odin and the Norns,  
While yet he lived, and now that he be dead  
I would not break my oath." But Edna spoke:  
"When was the Christ the God of warring hosts?  
Wilt thou refuse the work thy mother wrought?  
If so, thou art not Sigurd, Edna's child,  
The son of Hlodver, but some other one."

And Sigurd would not vex her ancient heart  
 So took, and hung the banner by his chair—  
 Through the wide doorway blew the north-west wind  
 To stir the banner, when it seemed the bive  
 Would beat and flutter with his wings for flight.

The host was now at hand, who entered in  
 With mighty riot, and the doors made fast  
 Against the wind, and every hearthstone stirred,  
 They sat them to the feast, and overhead  
 The rafters rang with uproar, while the mead  
 Went round, and warm blood mounted in their hearts.  
 But when they had drunk deeply, when the hall  
 Was darkened in the dusk, then Sigurd called  
 For torches, and he bade a skald to sing.

“Earl Sigurd,” said the skald, “why sittest thou  
 Beneath the raven? Rather should it be  
 The cross of Christ, for under His command  
 Shall Brian offer battle, against whom  
 Odin and Thor, with all Valhalla’s host,  
 May not avail; but be not angry thou  
 At what I sing: it is but Christ who speaks.”  
 So he took up his tympan, and he sang:

Son of Brian be the bane  
                     Of Sigurd:  
 Bear twin blades to break the brain  
                     Of Sigurd:  
 For his banner shall not thrive,  
 Blazoned with the baleful bive  
                     Of baneful Sigurd.

Black and bitter be the weird  
                     Of Sigurd:  
 Blood upon the yellow beard  
                     Of Sigurd:  
 Scattered in the sea-swept stones,  
 Sea and sun shall bleach the bones  
                     Of stone-cold Sigurd.

Upon the son of Hlodver came a fell  
 And violent anger, who arose and drew  
 The sword, and bade the host rise up, and draw  
 The sword to swear with him, and thus they swore:  
 “Great Odin, Thor, and all Valhalla’s host  
 Be with us in the battle, wheresoe’er  
 This bive may beat his wings, for from this day  
 The host of Sigurd follow after Christ  
 No longer!” But a wailing blast of wind  
 Burst open the broad doors, and beat upon  
 The swearing host, and blew the torches out  
 And shook the banner.

                    And the doors made fast,  
 There fell on all the heaviness of mead—  
 So Sigurd and the host of Sigurd slept.

## The Soft Place.

THAT philosopher of good cheer—Stevenson—has somewhere said that “the business of life is not to succeed but to fall in good spirits.”

Passing over the soft impeachment his words seem to hurl at the “well-to-do,” there is in them a wisdom well worth the attention of others besides “the children of this world.”

Life, not without reason, is often likened unto a tumble down hill with little provision against the boulders. Indeed naught but a tougher frame for the next knock seems to be the chief form in which the law of reprisals appears! All of which makes it look as though it were left in man’s own hands, at least in the natural order, to provide for his own compensations and soft spots. The lesson of poor Wolsey has taken hold of the common-sense of mankind, for we no longer fall “never to hope again.” No! instinctively almost, we provide for resilience and resurrection. As enterprisingly as the wise man seeks for the high place to stand, he provides for the soft place to fall.

But alas! man’s awkwardness for the business makes half his woes.

How to manage the nice matter of compensation for loss, the soft place for a fall, is often the last thing to enter our economy. To burn all our bridges behind us, to refuse to take any “heed lest we fall” is our ordinary, way of setting out on our campaigns; and, there is no denying that, while the fire of youth burns within us, this is a very inspiring sort of attitude. “Know only this—never to fail or fall.” It is the inspiring, but impossible, injunction of Epictetus.

Why, life is full of falls, so full that it would seem that none but the utterly callous can pass through it without stumbling sometimes. But “to fall in good spirits”—ah! that is an achievement which for its success demands that one have some kind of soft place to fall on when knocked down.

“O, ye merchants, ye all cheat! Therefore give alms.” That was the effort of Mohammed to provide a soft spot for Dives, yet he commonly goes to pieces on the rocks in spite of it.

“I have had too long an experience of the inability of the human goose to do other than cackle when benevolent, and hiss when malicious, and no amount of goose criticism shall make me lift a heel against what waddles behind it.” Thus did Browning with gentle sarcasm make soft the ground for authors and poets, harassed by critics incompetent or otherwise, but how many of them are content to rest in it? Though many a teacher point many a way to break the fall of tottering mortals, yet headlong they plunge to the stoniest pit in spite of it all. Aye, more, with energetic hands they pile up the rocks to fall on.

The troubles of life in pitiless waves  
 Impact man's fruitless years,  
 Till he walks on a pavement of past misdeeds  
 Impearled with his own sad tears,

says the poet with some touch of inspiration in his lines.

I made the cross myself, whose weight  
 Was later laid on me,

adds another of these truth-tellers, and then, with frightful frankness, even in a poet, uncovers the root of the whole matter in the confession :

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed  
 The weight was meant for me,  
 I would have built a lighter cross  
 To bear up Calvary !

That is the secret of it, no doubt. It is making crosses for other people to carry, rockpiles to catch some troublesome brother's feet, that ensures the weights and pitfalls for ourselves ! And yet how old is that great law "do unto others as you would they should do unto you !"

"I shall die lamented, for I have made many happy," said one who had found perhaps the softest pillow earth offers for a dying head. But why the restless living head, as it goes along, so seldom provides itself with such soft refuge from the hard blows of life no student of life can make out. For who would not rather have the consciousness on his dying bed of having been a little "soft," if you like to call it so, in his dealings with sinners like himself, than to have to die with the depressing memory of hard words, by habit, spoken, and of hard deeds, by habit, done ?

Ecclesiastes not only says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it," etc., but, "Give a portion to seven, and also to eight : for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth." But a Greater than he has said the same thing, but in a more emphatic and significant manner :—

"Make unto yourselves friends that when you fail they may receive you, etc. And if any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also : and whosoever shall force thee to go one mile, go with him other two : give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away. I say to you love your enemies, do good to those that hate you."

It is for "the evil day," the hour when man "fails," that he is directly providing, and nothing that his sagacious eye can discern in all time's store, save the treasure thus laid up in other lives, seems to avail for that.

What wonder that the unjust steward was commended for making friends, even of the "mammon of iniquity," and the hint conveyed that it were a pity indeed that "the children of light" should leave that first principle of wisdom so largely to the politicians and "children of this world" ?

About Ben Adam, with the help of the poet Leigh Hunt, resolved the divine diplomacy to its finest point when he wrote it down as "nothing short of loving one's fellow men." It "leads" in the ranks of angels too! Isn't that the more cogent reason why mortal man, who must mingle with the angels at last, would do well to light his way among them by this flame of love?

Thus Faith and Experience hold our hands through the rough ways and indicate "the soft place" wherein, when we fall, we may find a means of rising—"Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of iniquity that when you fail they may receive you into everlasting dwellings."

That entails our being "soft" persons if you will, with a tender heart for the footsteps that tread near, with a tear at hand for rogues and vagabonds, but in return it entitles us, if we will, to the "soft" spots, when on life's stony, flinty hillsides, we falter and flounder and fall.

SIMON SATCHELL.

## The Welsh Rome of the Passionists.

CARMARTHEN AS IT IS AND ONCE WAS.

BY LAYMAN.

VI.

### Supposed Protestant Martyr.

WHEN reminded that no Welshman ever showed his faith in Protestantism by dying in its defence, Protestant controversialists are wont to reply, "None of the martyrs perhaps were Welshmen born, but some suffered in Wales. We know that a Protestant Bishop was burnt at Carmarthen by order of Bloody Mary." The person thus spoken of is Robert Ferrar, a Yorkshireman, who for some years before his death was Bishop of St. David's. If he did not die for religion he was not a martyr. There appears to be no better authority than Foxe's notorious "Book of Martyrs" for the belief that Ferrar was a victim of religious persecution, and Foxe's ingenuity in manufacturing martyrs has been too often exposed to call for further comment here. Can anyone produce documentary proof that a single man or woman in Wales ever thought or spoke of Ferrar as a martyr until Foxe's book had been before the public for many years?

Here are a few facts about Robert Ferrar which we should be glad to see corrected if any of them are open to dispute:—

1. Bishop Ferrar was twice tried, and condemned to death on each occasion, first under Edward VI. and again under Queen Mary. He escaped execution the first time owing to the con-

fusion and the changes of public affairs that followed on Edward's rather unexpected death.

2. The framer of the charges against Ferrar and his venomous prosecutor on both occasions was Yonge, or Young, Precentor of St. David's, who, having been thwarted by the Bishop in his daring plans for plundering the Chapter and the See, was heard to swear repeatedly that he would never rest until he got Ferrar out of his bishopric.

3. Young, who was an ardent Protestant under the Protestant King Edward, is said to have recanted under Mary; but that his party well understood his knavish tricks may be inferred from the fact that Elizabeth on coming to the throne made him Bishop of Bangor.

4. Dozens of the charges preferred against Ferrar at both trials look childish and unmeaning in our day. He was accused of having stood on the seashore whistling to bring in the fish, of having used a strange kind of saddle with Scotch stirrups, of unseemly conduct during the christening of his child, of turning round and patting his little boy on the head during the Sunday service, and of scores of like delinquencies. There was one serious item in the list of "crimes" laid to his charge at the first trial, viz., that "he had connived at Popery" in the diocese.

One can well imagine that the executive under Mary would not be sorry to get rid of a man like Latimer, whose fiery, not to say seditious, addresses to the mob stirred up disaffection in London and the large cities. On the other hand, it is *prima facie* improbable that the authorities, having at hand so many turbulent spirits to quell, would have hunted out poor Robert Ferrar on the far western coast of Pembrokeshire had there not been some other influence besides his religion to mark him out as a victim. The improbability is increased when we remember that this was the man whose greatest offence a year or two before was that he "connived at Popery."

Although Young was the real author of Ferrar's death, and would doubtless have compassed his ruin in any event, it is likely enough that some questions of religion were raised at the second trial. It is conceivable that Foxe may sometimes tell the truth in a more or less distorted form; but his account of the trial is unmistakably manufactured. It reads exactly like the transcript of a good shorthand writer's notes.

The burning proves nothing. Death by burning was a not uncommon penalty for serious crimes in this part of the country down to a much later time. Ferrar suffered in 1555, and in 1665, more than a hundred years afterwards, we find that a woman, "Gwraig Wil Gach" (wife of Red Willie), was burned at Carmarthen for having murdered her husband.

Among a few old families that always clung to the Catholic religion there used to be a tradition that Ferrar was executed for robbing St. David's shrine. It is more than likely that this represents the belief which prevailed down here at the time of the execution. It seems, however, to be a mistaken notion. One can easily imagine that Young and his thievish associates

endeavoured to escape public odium by spreading such reports and transferring their own misdeeds to Ferrar's shoulders.

One need not go beyond Protestant writers like Bronne Willis to learn that the first five or six Protestant Bishops of St. David's were all, or nearly all, unmitigated rascals—church robbers, forgers, malignant liars, and capable of almost any villainy. Most members of their Chapters were equally wicked. Like their "Supreme Head," they were filled with unholy desires, but the one passion which burned more fiercely in them than all others was a thirst for plunder—plundering the Church more especially.

In this foul gang Ferrar appears to us to stand out as something of an exception. He was probably, so far as we can ascertain, an honest man—as worldly men go. He was in many ways what would be called "an odd man," but the little we know is consistent with the belief that he was truthful, honest, and fearless. Like many others in all ages, he was undone through associating with men worse than himself. It may well be doubted that he was a martyr in Foxe's sense of the term, but it looks as if he were a man who would have gone to death, if necessary, for any principle or theory to which he had once given adherence.

At the same time the reader will do well to remember that all which has here been said about Ferrar, his character and his fate, is largely a matter of speculation; for almost every document and every scrap of original information about the Reformation period in South Wales have been long ago destroyed—no doubt, with a definite purpose. The stories which were then circulated by the Protestant party in England have within the last century or two come back to Wales, and this secondhand information, so largely coloured by prejudice, is almost all that is available to Welsh people at the present day.

*(The concluding article of this series, which will appear in our next, gives an extremely interesting account of the survival of old Catholic customs among the Nonconformists of Wales.)*

### On the Feast of the Purification \*

Happy those turtle-doves that went, my Queen,  
With you to the Temple—tho' to death they went.  
Could they have known, they had been full content  
To give their little lives. And well, I ween,  
Your pitying hand caress'd them; and between  
The turns you took with Joseph (favour'd Saint!)  
At carrying Jesus, you would soothe their plaint  
And hold to your Heart their bosoms' silver sheen.

But cherish more my sister sweet, and me.  
Carry *within* your Heart, and all the way,  
Our souls to the true Temple. Offer'd so,  
They cannot perish—no, nor parted be;  
For He whom you presented on this day  
Whom you present His own must ever know.

\* From "Mariae Corolla."

## After Many Years.

“**T**IME,” Father Severne began, “sets most things right, and so you will find, Jack.”

Jack Harford made an impatient and dissentient gesture.

“Not all things,” the young man said bitterly. “Nothing short of one of the miracles your Church speaks of can set this affair right. It is horrid!”

“It is sad,” the priest corrected, “and there is a great deal of sadness in the world. And you are going to Australia?”

“As well Australia as anywhere else.”

“I am very sorry.” Father Severne thought of the days when he and Jack Harford were schoolboys together at Eton. Edward Severne had been destined by his people to become a Protestant clergyman, but his theological studies made him a Catholic. The friendship between himself and the owner of Harford’s Mills remained firm through years and change, and it was to Father Severne that Jack turned for advice and sympathy in the trouble that had come upon him.

“Do you mind stating the whole case again, Jack?” the priest asked after a pause. The two men had dined and were seated outside the small cottage that served as parochial house in the busy mining village of Malstron. “When you began your story I was thinking of one of the miners here who has been drinking heavily. The man ought to be a Catholic, I hear.”

Jack struck a match preparatory to lighting a cigar. It went out and he threw it aside, and replaced the cigar in his case.

“I met Rosalind Trevor at a house where I was visiting. She was governess to Mrs. Errington’s orphan children, and Mrs. Errington was my host’s cousin and a Catholic. The two kids and I were good friends, and I saw a good deal of Rosalind, and I asked her to marry me. She refused.”

“On account of your religion, you said?”

“Yes. Well, you see I’m not bigotted, and I thought of you——,” the priest smiled, and Jack continued, “and, of course, of Rosalind herself, and I promised to inquire into Catholic doctrines, and then when Rosalind went to her mother for the holidays I went to Langley-on-Sea. It is a small fishing village on the east coast.”

“And Mrs. Trevor told you——” the priest hesitated.

“That my father had murdered her husband. Oh, Ned, it is horrible! You see Rosalind had only mentioned me as Jack. When Mrs. Trevor heard my name I thought she would have fainted. Then she told how her husband and my father were both employed by my grand uncle, the owner of Harford’s Mills. Richard Harford was an old man, wealthy and eccentric. Mark Trevor’s father and he had been associated in

business, and my grand-uncle attributed his financial success to his partner's business knowledge. The old man had always announced that my father was to be his heir, but the two managed to differ over the wages paid to the workers, and the elder man declared his intention of bestowing the property on Mark Trevor, who knew a great deal about the mills and their management. I suppose my father resented this. At any rate, Mark Trevor was found shot dead on an unfrequented path leading from the mills to his home, and near him was a pistol belonging to my father."

"Well?" Father Severne said.

"There were other circumstances—I need not go into them. The general opinion seems to have been that my father was the murderer. He was shocked when told of the murder, and dropped down dead. The doctor of the place knew he was suffering from heart disease. Rosalind never knew of all this."

"And there was no explanation—no idea that Trevor's death was accidental?"

"No. Of course I have made inquiries. The people evidently supposed that my father was guilty, and no further inquiries were made. My mother was dead at this time, and I was merely a child. I was taken away from the place, and brought up by my mother's kindred. My grand-uncle died soon after the tragedy, and the entire estate passed to me, and a long minority left me a wealthy man."

"Would Mrs. Trevor not see that at the worst there had been no premeditation?"

"I don't know; but she would listen to no words concerning a marriage between Rosalind and me. One couldn't urge her. I have said good-bye to Rosalind. It was the only thing to do except ——. Father Severne, I must find out some way of transferring a sum of money to Mrs. Trevor. Had her husband lived he would probably have benefitted largely at Richard Harford's death. I tried to explain this to her; but she refused absolutely to take any money of mine. You are a co-religionist. Couldn't you think of a plan?"

The priest considered.

"I'm afraid not. She would suspect and——." The priest sprang to his feet. The common little cottage was separated by a small bare patch of ground from the public road, and down the sharp incline that almost faced it a horse and waggon came furiously.

"My God!" Father Severne gasped. "It is that wretched man, Stephen Dare, the miner! He must have taken the horse and waggon from someone. There's a sharp turn and a stone wall——. We must stop the horse."

The priest ran as he spoke. Jack Harford pushed him aside as they gained the road.

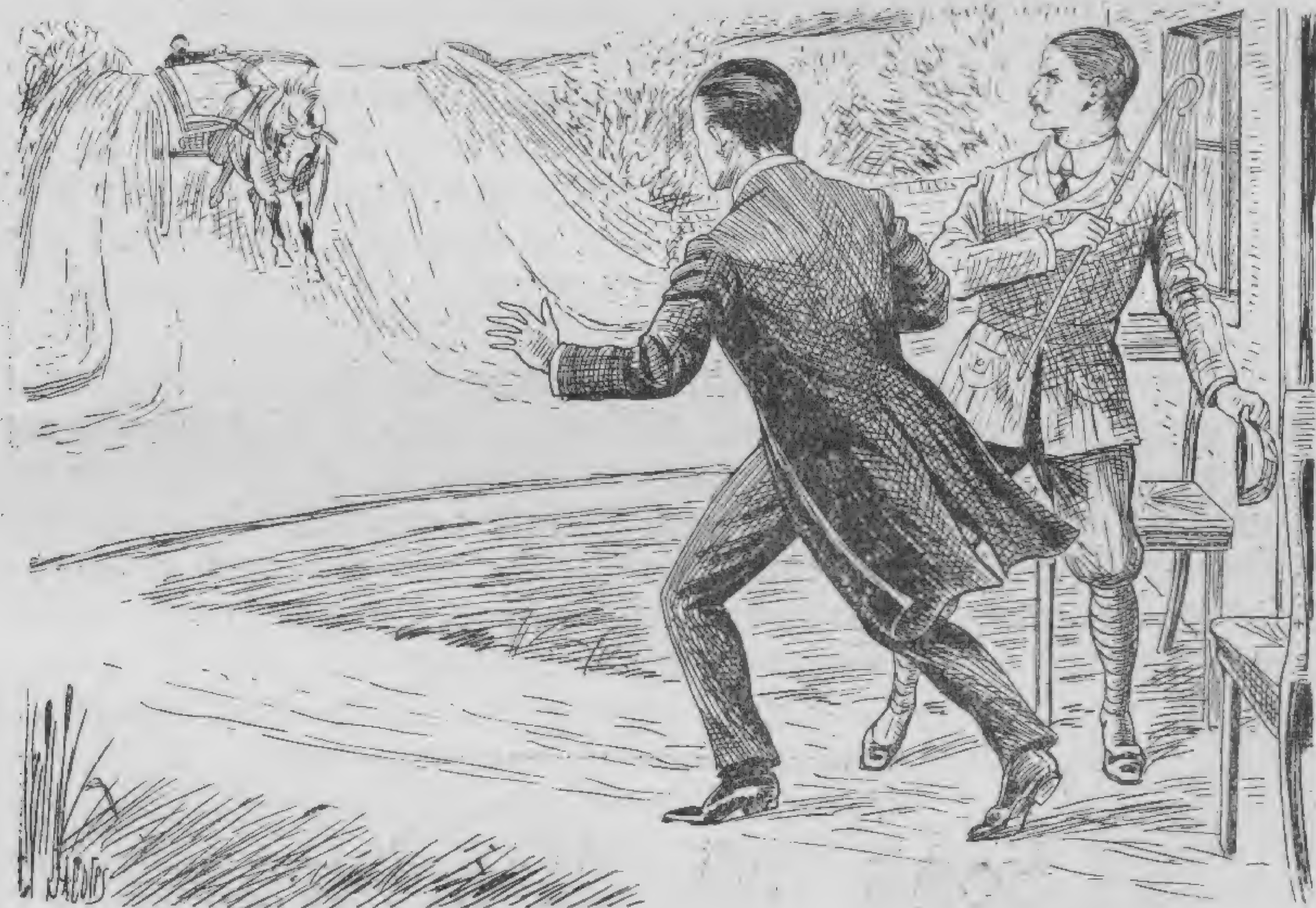
"Leave it to me, Ned. You'll only hinder, I tell you. I know horses, you don't. Keep back, keep back, for God's sake!"

Which of the two men stopped the runaway is still unknown. The horse came to a sudden stand within half-dozen yards of a high wall, and the shock brought the drunken man, who stood crouched in the heavy cart, to the ground with a dull thud. A doctor was in attendance immediately, and the man was carried into the priest's house.

"There are no external injuries to speak of," the medical man said after his examination, "but Dare has been drinking heavily for a long time, and is in no condition to bear a hard knock. I rather fancy it is a case for you, Father Severne. Isn't he one of your flock?"

The priest nodded.

"I'll send a nurse in. He'll recover consciousness before very long. And you had better see to him, Father. I'll look in later," the doctor remarked.



*The priest ran as he spoke.*

A couple of hours after the poor miner asked for a priest, and Father Severne was in attendance on him immediately. By the end of an hour his priestly duties were performed, and the doctor was waiting in the hall when the priest came out of the room where Dare lay.

"I'll have another look at him," Doctor Grey said, and the miner put an inquiry when the medical examination was over.

"Am I going to die?" he asked bluntly.

"I'm afraid you are," the doctor said.

"Well, I want you to do a bit of writing for me. I killed a man once—that's what set me drinking. I didn't mean it exactly either; but 'tis a terrible thing to know that a human being has met death at your hands."

The doctor procured writing material, and motioned the nurse forward.

"Now, my man," he said. "I was a hand in Harford's Mills in Sulchester," Stephen Dare dictated. "I should have been a Catholic—my mother was Irish—but I did not bother about church of any kind. There was some dissatisfaction among the workers, and I kept it going. I could talk a bit in those days, and liked the applause my speeches won. One of the managers was a Mr. Trevor. He was a Catholic, and once or twice he cautioned me against inflaming the hands, though both he and young Harford admitted there were grievances. One evening I picked up a pistol belonging to Mr. Harford—he had happened to leave his desk in the office unlocked. I had a drop of drink taken when I met Mr. Trevor, and I attacked him about reforms. He answered me shortly, and I pulled out the pistol. It went off, all of a sudden, and the man fell dead. I threw the pistol down and ran away. Several circumstances made it look like as if the deed had been done by Mr. Harford, the old man's nephew. He, the nephew, wasn't very strong; the shock of Mr. Trevor's death caused his. That's all."

Stephen wrote his name with difficulty, and the doctor and nurse affixed their signatures, and despite the opinion of the man of medicine, Dare lived for several days—long enough to be visited by Jack Harford and Rosalind Trevor. Mrs. Trevor had given her consent to the marriage of the pair, but that ceremony did not take place till more than a year after poor Dare's death, for Jack was determined to have no doubts on Catholic doctrine in his mind when he entered the Catholic Church. The ceremony was, naturally enough, performed by Father Severne, whose words of congratulation to the bridegroom ended with "What of miracles, Jack?"

MAGDALEN ROCK.

## Sons of Martyrs.

BY ROSA VAGNOZZI.

### XI.

In the deacon's house the days passed without any fresh incident. Clement's sickness kept its inhabitants in suspense, alternating between hope and fear: the fever never left him, and at times it would seem as if the end was near. Lucius often talked with Phœbe about what she had heard in the house of Eusebius; or he taught her the doctrine of the Saviour, thus opening up to her new and strange horizons of spiritual light to recompense her for the physical light which she had lost. In his infancy she had nourished him with the milk of her breasts, and now he was happy to nourish her soul with the saying truths of faith. The deacon Paul gave shelter to several blind women, but Phœbe was the only pagan among them.

A tablet from the villa of the Oleanders apprised Lucius

that his money and other valuables had been placed in safety by order of Sabina, and that his desire to give a share of his property to the boatman had been fulfilled. Priscilla, a young girl in the household of the noble matron, on learning the state of the sick man, had sent him certain herbs gathered by herself, with instructions as to how they should be infused and administered.

The sick man received so much benefit from these remedies that he gradually grew better; and at length one night recognised Lucius, who was sitting beside his bed.

"Lucius, is it possible," he asked in a tone of surprise mingled with tenderness, "that you are here?"

"I am here, Clement," replied his friend. "Be quiet; we are in a place of safety."

"But how is it," inquired the sick man, "that you have left your hiding-place?"

"I will tell you later," was the answer. "Now, your only thought must be how to get well."

"And Linus?"

"Linus, too, is in a safe place," replied Lucius.

"Has he not returned to his father?"

"His father will soon go to him."

"His father will go . . . ." The sick man would have said more, but he was unable. A sudden swoon deprived him of his senses.

Clement now improved daily, and in their joy at being together, the two young men told each other what had befallen them since they had parted. Lucius, however, thought it better to say nothing about the melancholy death of Linus; he would reserve the sad piece of news till such time as Clement would be better able to hear it. The latter could give himself no peace when he thought how easily he had allowed himself to be deceived by Orontes, the pretended Libyus. Though the impostor was dead, Clement had need of all the virtue which he had acquired in the school of Christ to restrain himself from raging against him as often as he called to mind the misery he had caused.

Now, the body must be removed from the cemetery which its presence was desecrating. The good deacon Paul offered to have the removal effected, and he assured the young men that it would be carried out as soon as possible. He also thought it well to hasten on the baptism of Phœbe, as the poor soul was very ill. Lucius and Clement were present at the ceremony; and soon after they took leave of the deacon and proceeded to the villa of the Oleanders, where Sabina was expecting them.

The villa extended a considerable distance by the Anio along the Via Nomentana, not far from the villa of Phaon. Its pleasant position, the abundance and variety of the plants and flowers with which it was laid out, and the beauty of the statues and fountains which adorned it made it a delightful place of

sojourn. One of its chief attractions, whence it took its name, were the oleanders which formed secluded groves or bordered the winding paths. The house, besides being provided with everything that could make its residents comfortable, was a gem of architecture; and it was embellished with rare marbles, fine paintings, and other artistic objects of great price.

One day Sabina sat spinning in a shady recess beneath some elms. Before her a fountain of white marble, around whose brink maiden-hair ferns and roses grew, sent up a jet of water clear as crystal. The elms formed a kind of temple, and their branches in the brilliant sunshine cast fantastic shadows shaped like arabesques upon the ground. On one side the temple opened on a walk flanked by oleanders. Beside her sat Priscilla making weaths, in which modest violets and bright-coloured roses were entwined with hyacinths and starry asphodels. The girl was clad in a white tunic, and she seemed as beautiful as the flowers which she held in her hands. Her complexion was fair, with a touch of colour on the cheeks; her flaxen hair was confined by a circlet of silver; her eyes were bright and lively; and her whole being, even to her voice, which was soft and melodious, was in perfect harmony with the beauty and grace of her countenance. Before, she had been weak and ailing on account of the life of hardship she had led; but now, happy in the affection of Sabina and in the peacefulness of her new abode, the forces of her youthful nature grew stronger day by day.

The cool of the evening had set in, and grateful odours were wafted to them by a light breeze which had sprung up; the birds sang sweetly in the trees and bushes, and the songs of the labourers who tilled the ground came floating on the air; while from time to time tame doves alighted to drink at the marble fountain.

"Priscilla," said Sabina, "your strength seems now restored. The evening is quiet and peaceful: will you narrate your history to me?"

"Willingly, mother," said the girl as she lifted her eyes beaming with affection to the matron's face.

"I lived near the sea with a good old woman who called me Taurina, because, as she told me, she had once saved me from a furious bull.

"One day I had gone rather far from home in a little boat to some rocks which rose out of the sea, for the purpose of gathering some coloured pebbles of which a fisherman's son had spoken to me, when all at once I saw a galley slowly approaching, which stopped as soon as it came to where I was. Two men seized me and flung me into the bottom of the boat, where, disregarding my shrieks, they bound me hand and foot. The boat pushed off, and I lay full of terror where they had cast me, until an old man undid my bonds with a good-humoured smile.

"Many days passed with nothing in view but the sky and the ocean until we at length landed at a place where there were

many houses. We took our way to a square where there was a crowd of people; and there a richly-dressed girl, rather taller than myself, and with a dark, freckled face, took me by the hand and drew me towards her. A man in a toga of purple and gold first exchanged a few words with the girl, and then with him who seemed to be the captain of the galley; and after he had put something into the hands of the latter, he made me a sign to follow him. Encouraged by the presence of the girl, I obeyed.

"I remember all this only vaguely, as if it had happened in a dream; and my recollections of the first days I passed in his house, where I was the playmate of his daughter Arabella, are equally vague and confused.

*(To be concluded.)*

## Book Reviews.

AN APPEAL TO IRELAND. By A Redemptorist Father, St. Patrick's, Esker, Athenry. Price, One Penny.

We have great pleasure in commending to our readers this attractively printed pamphlet of sixty-four pages issued in connection with Saint Patrick's Temperance Crusade. The Appeal, which is made both in Irish and English (printed on opposite pages), and reads with a vigorous eloquence which shows the writer to be equally at home in each of these languages, sets forth with much cogency the principal reasons against the abuse of intoxicating liquors, especially under the form of treating so unfortunately prevalent in Ireland. And not only the reasons but the remedies against Intemperance are stated with clearness and force. A useful appendix is added giving the opinions of medical men and others of authority on the dangerous properties of alcohol, as also some illuminating remarks on the National Drink Bill for the past two years. A book like this, which can be read quietly in the home, should do more good than many sermons, and cannot fail to produce excellent fruits in the cause of Temperance. We wish it the wide and general circulation it so well deserves. It may be had of all Catholic booksellers, at Messrs. Eason's bookstalls, and from the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN. Life of the Servant of God, Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux, "The Little Flower of Jesus." With illustrations and Nosegay from her "Shower of Roses." By Rev. T. N. Taylor. Price, Threepence. The Orphans' Press, Rochdale.

Lovers of "The Little Flower"—and they are legion—will be glad to have their attention drawn to this little book, which gives in brief compass a very full and pleasantly-written sketch of her beautiful life, and some account of the numerous miracles and graces that followed her death. A few of these latter which have been referred to in our own pages will be found here in greater detail. The writer in one place compares and contrasts "The Little Flower" with Gemma Galgani and Blessed Gabriel, with both of whom she had so much in common. No one certainly can help being affected at the spectacle of these three young lives of heroic saintliness which adorned the latter half of the nineteenth century, and which, in their ideal simplicity and purity, form such a contrast to its complex and corrupt civilization. They are a standing proof that God in our day, as of old, has not left Himself without witness. The life of the Little Flower is here narrated in words not unworthy of the beauty of the subject, and the text is appropriately illustrated with portraits of Sœur Thérèse herself and of the scenes in which she lived. We have nothing but praise for the manner in which the book has been brought out by the Orphans' Press, Rochdale.

CENNAD CATHOLIG CYMRU : The Little Messenger of Catholic Cambria.  
Editor and publisher : Rev. G. M. Trébaol, O.M.I., Catholic Church,  
Llanrwst, N. Wales. Price, One penny (monthly) ; annual subscrip-  
tion, 1s. 6d. post free.

We are happy to notice the vigorous life and growth of this bright and interesting bilingual magazine, our monthly copy of which we always look forward to with the greatest pleasure. The object of the publication is to spread the knowledge of the Catholic Faith among the people of the Welsh Principality, and, Wales being bilingual, it is printed in Welsh and English in about equal proportions. Father Trébaol, the able and scholarly editor, contrives to fill each number with a large variety of interesting items which deserve for his magazine a far wider public than Wales affords. To students of language *The Little Messenger* will be particularly interesting, for besides the several articles in Welsh and English there are found in its pages from month to month a Welsh-Breton-English glossary, translations into Welsh of the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and holidays, of chapters from the Imitation of Christ, of various Church hymns, and of the Catechism of the Christian Doctrine; and sometimes a list of synonyms in the different Celtic languages—Welsh, Cornish, Breton, Irish and Scotch Gaelic and Manx. Such a magazine as this is sure to exercise a vast power in the diffusion of the Faith in Wales. We congratulate the editor on the noble work he is so successfully doing, and we trust that his *Little Messenger* will continue to grow in influence and circulation. All who read it will join with the greater fervour in the invocation printed by way of motto on its cover, "*O Jesus, dyro yn ôl y Ffydd i Gymru*"—O Jesus, give back the Faith to Wales.

## Provincial Gittings.

**Harborne, Birmingham.** — The Brothers of the Passion held their usual monthly meeting, at which the Rector delivered them an address on "The Crib and the Passion." There was a very fair attendance, considering the festive season was still in full swing.

The Confraternity of the Sacred Heart also held their monthly meeting, and listened to an address from their president, Fr. Martin.

It is a matter for great consolation to be able to chronicle the large increase in numbers of Communicants. The Midnight Mass at Christmas was especially remarkable in this respect. It is the sincere wish of the Rector that all those who possibly can should go to Communion daily, and thus carry out the oft-expressed wish of the Holy Father in this matter. There is no more certain or rapid means of personal sanctification than daily reception of the Bread of Life.

During the month of January "supplies" have been heavier than

usual at this time of the year. Frs. Camillus, Martin, and Raymond have been engaged at Wolverhampton, Brewood, and Wolvey Hall.

We hope everyone that possibly can will be present at the Whist drive on Feb. 1st. at the Institute. We can promise them a most enjoyable evening's recreation.

\* \* \*

**Herne Bay, Kent.**—The Christmas festivities at Herne Bay were of quite an elaborate character. Large congregations assisted at the Midnight High Mass, celebrated by Fr. Louis, with Sir John Knill, Bart., acting as master of ceremonies, and at the other Masses throughout the morning. The church was most tastefully decorated for the occasion. The annual re-union of the Catholics of the parish was held on Dec. 28 in St. Mary's Hall attached to the Retreat. Before a large audience the children of La Sainte Union Convent Schools appeared in two dramatic pieces, and evoked enthusiastic applause by their performance, which reflec-

ted great credit both on themselves and their teachers. Several vocal and instrumental items were contributed by ladies and gentlemen of the parish, which added much to the evening's enjoyment. Among those who helped in this way were the Misses Knill, Redman, Collins, and Jones, and Messrs. Bowles and Banting.

On Jan. 2nd Lady Knill and several members of the congregation organised a treat for the children attending the Sunday Catechism. The entertainment, the chief feature of which was a Punch and Judy show, was given in St. Mary's Hall, and afterwards the children were treated to a nice tea. Then followed a visit from Father Christmas (Major Lang Sims), who, with his usual thoughtfulness, had brought many gifts, which he distributed to the little ones, contriving, however, to give a decided preference to the eight children who had made record attendances at the instructions. An interesting time was spent both by the children and the many others who attended—the Fathers of the Retreat, Sir John and Lady Knill, Miss Knill, Mrs. Croker, Major and Mrs. Lang Sims, Signor Baga, Mr. Hayes, Messrs. Hardman, etc.

\* \* \*

**The Graan, Enniskillen.**—Jottings from the Graan, late for our last issue, chronicle the clothing of a novice, Bro. Dominic (Cruise), on Dec. 18, and the Christmas Day celebrations. At both of the High Masses on that day large congregations attended, and Bordes's Mass was rendered with fine effect, Father Romuald presiding at the organ.

A special service was held on the last day of the year, at which the "Te Deum" was sung, and which concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A course of instructions on the several articles of the Apostles' Creed has been started at last Mass on Sundays, and is much appreciated. The Fathers at the Graan are also doing their part to further the movement against immoral periodical literature by encouraging the reading of the Catholic weekly press. A Catholic weekly newspaper is kept on sale every Sunday at the Church door, and dozens of the country people have gladly

availed themselves of the opportunity (which they might not otherwise have) of becoming regular readers of a good Catholic paper.

Fr. Hilarion has been transferred to Mount Argus, and Bro. Michael, whose artistic work in the decoration of our little chapel is much admired, to Sutton.

\* \* \*

**St. Anne's, Sutton, Lancs.**—One of the features of Christmastide at St. Anne's was our beautiful crib. It was universally pronounced by the people who came, from far and near, to visit it the most realistic and devotional they had ever seen. As an object lesson of the great mystery of Bethlehem, no more powerful sermon could be preached.

A very successful Whist Drive was held on Boxing night, and also on Jan. 23rd. The object of these frequent Whist Drives is to defray the expenses incurred by the purchase of 100 chairs for these and other social entertainments.

The annual Tea Party and a children's play will take place on Monday evening, Feb. 12th. A unique incident on that occasion will be the presentation of an address and a purse of sovereigns to Mother Christina, who has recently retired from the Infants' School. She has been transferred to London, and Sr. Assisi to the Crescent, Manchester. During their long term in Sutton they endeared themselves to the parishioners, and general regret is felt at their departure.

A novel means of extending the circulation of "The Cross" is about to be introduced. One school child of each family, by contributing a half-penny a week, can become a purchaser of "The Cross" at the end of the month. Thus this excellent magazine can be introduced into almost every household in the district. During the month Fr. Vicar gave a Retreat to the Sisters of the Cross and Passion, Barkerend Road, Bradford. The Rev. Fr. Stanislaus, late of Highgate, is a welcome addition to the community of St. Anne's.

\* \* \*

**Ardoyne, Belfast.**—The Forty Hours' Adoration took place in Ardoyne the 7th to the 9th of January. The altar was very prettily decorated, and the attendance of the

faithful during the days of exposition was very large.

The attendance at the weekly meetings of the Confraternities continues to improve steadily. The Prefects of the different sections of both Confraternities are working very hard to increase the membership, and we are pleased to note that their efforts are being crowned with success.

The Rev. Father Bertrand started a course of lectures on Sunday, January 14th, the subject being "Characters in the Tragedy of Calvary." The lectures, so far, have proved very interesting, as is evidenced by the crowded congregations each Sunday evening.

Great preparations are now being made for the general mission in all the churches of the city, which begins on the 2nd Sunday of Lent.

During the month the Very Rev. Father Hubert gave a Retreat to the Dominican Nuns who have charge of the training college in the city.

\* \* \*

**Mount Argus, Dublin.**—At the monthly meeting of the Confraternity of the Passion on January 2nd, Father Ephrem addressed the members and made stirring reference to the campaign against immoral literature, appealing to all to assist in making it a complete success. The Fathers at Mount Argus, both in their own church and on their missions, have now been addressing themselves to the subject for a considerable time—even previous to the formation of Vigilance Committees. The district as a result is comparatively clean, and the one or two huxters who carry on the trade will probably soon find their occupation gone.

\* \* \*

**St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, Worcs.**—During the past month the students have been preaching their first sermons on the Sunday evenings and unusually large congrega-

tions have been the rule. Without instituting comparisons—which are proverbially odious—we may say that in the opinion of all who have heard them they have acquitted themselves well, and the Province may congratulate itself upon acquiring a fresh body of efficient missionaries.

On the Wednesday after Christmas a whist-drive was held in the schools. It was very successful and we wish to thank those who were our kind helpers on the occasion. On February 19th a concert and entertainment will also take place, and we are in a position to promise all who come a very enjoyable evening.

This year Broadway will be all astir in the month of August. On the 1st, 2nd and 3rd, a bazaar will be held in the grounds of the Monastery, with the object of removing the heavy debt on the new building. Preparations have been already begun and fuller particulars will be given later on.

\* \* \*

**St. Mungo's, Glasgow.**—The various societies held their monthly meetings, and we are pleased to say that they were well attended.

Bro. Bonaventure gave a very interesting lecture to the Y.M.S. on the progress made within recent years in the art of "flying." Treating it from the first attempt by balloon down to its present stage, he illustrated the various stages by practical experiments. The lecture was much appreciated.

Fr. Rector preached on the Holy Name in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, Garnet Hill, and Fr. MacMahon (Rector, Garnet Hill) preached on the Patron of our Church—St. Mungo. Both sermons attracted large congregations. The Forty Hours' Adoration was held on the 28th ult. The annual dance and supper for the choir, the collectors, and pass-keepers took place during the first week of the month.



SAINT JOSEPH.

[*Murillo.*